



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

CONVOY DUTY IN THE WESTERN ATLANTIC

Hovering over a brood of merchantmen, a U. S. Navy blimp scans the surrounding waters for enemy submarines.

THE HISTORY OF SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND

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SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND lies off the coast of Southern California, 60 miles out from San Diego and 20 miles west of Santa Catalina Island. It is one of the largest islands in the Channel Island group. It is 23 miles long and 7 miles wide, rising 1,940 feet above the sea, and is bisected by many deep and dangerous canyons.

San Clemente Island is of volcanic origin and erupted from the sea many million years ago. The entire island is covered with burned volcanic sharp rock. Many caves and caverns were formed on the island when it was a molten mass by gas bubbles in the lava. The gas bubbles would burst on the surface leaving the caves or caverns in this cooling mass of molten rock.

In 1542 Cabrillo discovered San Clemente and called it La Victoria after one of his two ships. The Indians called the Island "Kenkopa." Soon after he discovered San Clemente, Cabrillo died from complications of a fractured arm. He was buried on San Miguel Island.

Viscaino, another Spanish explorer, re-named La Victoria as San Clemente Island, its present name. This was nearly one hundred years after the discovery by Cabrillo.

Viscaino described the Indians on San Clemente as a fine race, dressed in furs and having large roomy huts. Father Torquerada, a Spanish priest accompanying Viscaino on his expedition, stated in his writing that the Indians were a hardy race and built fine boats capable of carrying 20 men and that they traded with the mainland and the early Spaniards for many kinds of trinkets such as glass beads, copper utensils, and steel knives. Many of these articles were found in their burial sites.

Very little is known of the Indians' departure from the islands, but some say they were taken off by missionaries in the early nineteenth century. A geological survey party surveyed San Clemente Island in 1858 and no Indians were living on the island at that time. One of Cabrillo's men stated in one of his historical writings that the Indians were very poor and ran around naked and lived swine-like, but we are sure this statement is not correct, for we have found buttons made of abalone shells and otter fur about skeletons in the graves, which shows that the Indians dressed in furs. Several brass buttons were found in the later graves, which indicates that they must have traded with the Spaniards. The craftsmanship of the San Clemente Indian was superior to many of the mainland tribes. Spear points, paint bowls, pipes inlaid with abalone shells, small rock boats, many types of toys, such as whales and dogs carved out of solid rock, are only some of the many remarkable carved articles found in the burial sites. Most of these burial grounds are located near the camp sites on the island and in a high region. It is difficult to understand why they camped in the high regions, exposed to the terrific winds that are common to the island. In wet weather they lived on sand dunes. Also they were usually 3 or 4 miles from the ocean where their food supply was located, as the Indians lived almost entirely on sea food. And, too, the fresh water supply was miles from most of the camp sites. At the south end of the island there are one or two fairly good springs, but at the north end there is none and it is a mystery where they obtained their fresh water during the dry season, which lasts

for 7 to 8 months, although they may have obtained their fresh water from the ice plant which grows abundantly on San Clemente. This plant stores large amounts of water which can be readily squeezed out and used for drinking purposes.

Many pieces of baskets made from woven grass and cemented with asphalt were found in the burials. No doubt these baskets were watertight and used for carrying their water supply. Many of the stone utensils were made of steatite, which is a soft stone and easily carved. The only quarry close by is on Santa Catalina Island. The camp sites were in a circular position and the huts were made of a perpendicular pole driven in the ground, covered with skins, and coming to a narrow opening at the top. They were lined with woven grass and there was a small opening for the inhabitants to enter. They were much larger than the tepees made by their brothers in the Middle West. The huts were from 25 to 30 feet across. A fire was built in the center of the hut and smoke escaped through the vent in the top. Three or four families, usually from 11 to 15 people, lived in one hut. They threw their garbage out the front door and when it got too high about the hut, they built a new one. This system evidently was easier than carrying away the debris. The Indians must have held wars on the island, for in some graves there were four to five skeletons in one burial, which indicated that they died at the same time. They made many warlike instruments and a few of the skeletons were found with arrow points imbedded in the bone. Many spear points, beads, and toys were found with the baby skeletons. The spear points were placed with the babies so that they would have something to protect themselves while traveling on to the next world. All the skeletons were found face downward in a flexed or embryonic position, which showed that they were through with this world and turned their

backs on it to go on to the new one. The Medicine Men had their equipment buried with them, such as small bowls, shallow pestles, and measuring cups, used for dispensing medicines and drugs. They also had a considerable amount of paint and many kinds of decorations buried with them. Many of the burials were marked by a flat stone over the grave, while others had nothing. In some areas the grave had a fire pit over it, which showed that many things were burned at the burial ceremony. All a person's worldly belongings were usually broken and buried with the owner; numerous abalone shells were buried with the Indians; this was their food that they took with them to the next world. Some of the bodies were cremated and the ashes placed in abalone shells, while others showed no preparation at all before burial, and nothing was buried with them; it depended on the status of the Indian; whether he was rich or poor. The burials were never below 4 feet in the ground and often the same place was used for several. At most of the burials some kind of ceremony was held and a fire was made so that the spirit would depart upward with the smoke.

Many types of stones were used in making their arrow points, spears, drills, reamers, hide scrapers, etc.; some were made from flint, chert, chalcedony, agate, white quartz, crystal quartz, rose quartz, and volcanic glass. Many of the knives and arrow points are very attractive, beautiful in color harmony and exceptionally symmetrical in shape. Very few of these rocks are found on the island, which shows that they traded with other Indians on the mainland. It is impossible to discover the use of many of the implements found. Some of the flat stones were marked off into different squares and designs drawn on them, which indicated their calendar; it resembled the calendar used by the Aztecs.

The amusements of the Indian were somewhat like those adopted by other races, such as games, dancing, and "pow-

wows." Their dances were held in a square area, well leveled off and about 2 feet below the level of the surrounding ground. The squaws played the drums while the males went through their dances. Several Pipes of Pan made from the shin bone of a deer were found in the burials together with other types of whistles. The pipes were about 8 inches long and covered with asphalt to preserve the instrument. They also were decorated with inlays of abalone shells, and had an opening near the end and a mouthpiece. The bone was hollow and the Indians blew through it like a whistle. Three or four of them were tied together and were of different lengths; in this way it is similar to our present-day Pipe of Pan.

The health of the Indians on San Clemente must have been excellent up to the time of their discovery by the Spaniards and the fur hunters from Russia. On examining many skeletons in the sand dunes and other burial sites all were found to be well formed with no signs of caries and all the teeth were present in the adult. Only once have we discovered any bony pathology and that was a fusion of the vertebra, resembling arthritis deformans, and a well-healed fracture of the humerus, which was much shorter than the other arm. Many of the teeth were badly worn due to the roughage in their diet, for they ground their grain with rock mortars and pestles and many small sand-like pieces would be broken off and eaten in the mash, which in time ground their teeth down nearly to the pulp. The height of the Indians was measured by the length of the femur multiplied by 3.66, which will give an individual's height, or the length of the humerus can be multiplied by 5.06. The average height of the later Indians was about $68\frac{1}{4}$ inches, while some of the lower strata of burials measured $72\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Their frontal bone sloped backward at a steeper angle than the later Indians, although they were found in the

same burial site but deeper in the ground. Very few baby skeletons were found at the lower levels and the ones found had no glass beads or anything showing that the Spaniards had contacted them yet. In the shallower portions many baby skeletons were found with the white man's trinkets buried with them, which shows that a great many of the Indians died in early infancy after contact with the white man; they developed his diseases to which they had no resistance and they died like flies from measles, smallpox, chickenpox, and influenza. Also many died from the chronic diseases, such as tuberculosis and lues. Many wonder what happened to the Indians at the time of the missionaries. Some say that they moved to the mountains away from the missions; others say that they were worked too hard by the priests and ran away. But it was the white man's diseases that killed most of them and not the wars or hard work. They died from the contagious diseases to which they had no immunity. These swept through their villages like fire, leaving only a few to carry on the work of rebuilding after an epidemic. It is difficult to estimate the average longevity, but I am sure that it was not over forty. A few skulls were found toothless, which would indicate that the individual was in his late seventies or early eighties.

The remains of prehistoric animals of San Clemente Island are found almost exclusively in Chalk Canyon. Here large giant-sized shark teeth are found; one tooth is the second largest ever found on record. It measures $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by 2 inches in width, and is on display at the San Diego Museum. It was found by Corporal William E. Davis, Battery D, 10th Marines, in 1937. This tooth was located 611 feet above the sea, and pieces of the skeleton of the shark can still be found protruding from the sandy hill and canyon; it may date back to what is known to geologists as the Pliocene epoch

and is perhaps a million years old. This shark belongs almost exclusively to the genus *Carcharodon*, which is the present-day white shark, or "man-eater." However, in comparison, the shark of today has teeth only one inch in length and grows to be only about 20 feet long, so no doubt this giant shark of San Clemente Island was at least 60 feet in length. Also in this canyon are found many skeletons of sharks with teeth measuring 2 inches in length.

The teeth of the *desmastylus* were found by Mr. Theo Murphy, also in Chalk Canyon, in 1938. These teeth were examined by scientists at the Department of Geological Sciences at Berkeley, California, who verified the origin of the teeth. No doubt there are many other prehistoric animal skeletons to be found on the island, for no excavations have been done for their remains; what few have been found were discovered accidentally. One thing is certain, and that is that the island was once the floor of the sea, for in many parts one can find all kinds of prehistoric shells and remains of fossilized sea plants, many hundreds of feet above the present water line.

We are located at Wilson Cove with its beautiful emerald bay and Santa Catalina in the foreground. Up from Wilson Cove traveling northwest, one meets many steep, jagged hills and canyons, but after reaching the top of these small mountains the land levels off into a mesa until one reaches Northwest Harbor, which is one of the best swimming beaches in all of California. The sand is very fine and the beach gently slopes into the warm sea. The harbor is well protected from strong winds and rip tides and undertow. On across the isthmus of this northernmost portion of the island is West Cove, another nice sandy beach facing the open sea. This is not a safe place for bathing on account of dangerous rip tides and undertow and the seaweeds on the beach swept in by the

breakers have an offensive odor and are covered with flies. West Cove is partly encircled with sand dunes that rise straight up from the beach to a height of 40 to 50 feet. On top of the sand dunes about West Cove and Northwest Harbor are many Indian village sites. Off the lower end of Northwest Harbor lies the remains of the U.S.S. *Koko*, that went aground in a dense fog, mistaking the harbor for Wilson Cove, in the fall of 1936. At Northwest Harbor lived George Holland for 25 years; he had several hundred acres under cultivation, raising beans and small grain, and had a windmill and well that pumped fresh water; these were still in use by the Navy in 1936. At the most northeastern tip of the island lies Castle Rock, about a quarter of a mile from shore; this rock is a cone of an extinct volcano which helped to form some portion of this island.

As we travel down the western side of the island after leaving West Cove we come upon a level area of ground like a plateau, which has been under cultivation for many years by the white inhabitants of the island. Farther down we come upon colorful and fascinating sand dunes rising to a height of 40 to 50 feet. We have tried skiing down these steep, slippery banks and it is great sport. On top of the dunes are remains of many Indian towns and burial places. The Indians camped on the sand during the rainy season to escape the sticky adobe mud which covers the rest of the island at this time of the year. Many times bones are covered and uncovered by the shifting sands blowing in many directions, and in one place in particular can be seen 20 to 30 skeletons resting along the slope of a sand dune, which must have been the remains of an old battlefield. The dunes are very fascinating and take on many various shapes and formations, due to strong wind which changes them continuously.

During a sunny day the sand is heated to such an extent that it will burn your

feet and the hot wind that comes off the dunes burns your face. This hot air coming in contact with the cold air from the ocean sets up a terrific rush of air, which causes high winds and fogs about 3:00 P.M. every afternoon. This fog comes boiling over the hill down into Wilson Cove about the same time each day.

As we continue down the west side of the island we come upon several dams that were put in at the end of a ravine or low area on the mesa by sheep herders. The geographical outlay of the western shore of the island is very rough and the coast is filled with many black, jagged rocks making weird formations along the coast line. At low tide you will find large amounts of asphalt oozing out from between the rocks, which would indicate that there is a possibility of oil being found on this island some day. The Indians gathered asphalt from these places to make their boats watertight and to cement arrowheads to the shafts. It was used by them in many ways. At this point six or eight remarkable terraces can be seen. Ancient beach lines, clear and distinct, mark the great throbs which pushed the island upward millions of years ago. San Clemente was formed about the close of the Post-Miocene erosion. The island is almost without verdure, yet is fascinating in its aridity. In the winter following the rains, the island becomes a beautiful garden in the sea. There are millions of wild flowers and in one small area no larger than a house, we picked fourteen different varieties of wild flowers. In some places wild oats grow as high as a man riding on a horse; it is so thick that it is difficult to walk through.

Lorenzo tank is a large cement tank located on the west side of the island. It holds 200,000 gallons of water and was put in there by the early ranchers. They had a sluice connected with it from the canyon far up in the middle of the island. Heavy rains filled the tank in a short time

because it rains in torrents when it does come down.

As we ride along the trail we come upon another large tank at Eagle Ranch, where, at one time, were located a large barn, a nice house, and sheep corrals. Then we follow one of the best horseback rides in any land on to Seal Harbor. Just before we come to this beautiful home of the seals we cross the grave of John Innes, on which is a headstone inscribed and stating the date of his death, 1890. He was an old whale fisherman and died of a heart attack while visiting the island; his burial is the only white man's known on this island. Leaving this historical site we ride down a rocky beach to Ernest Enberg's shack, where he had lobster traps. He received \$.25 to \$.45 per pound for his lobsters. Boats would come out from San Diego once a week to bring the lobster fishermen supplies and to take in their catches. On farther south from Enberg's we cross several sand dunes, about which are scattered many old broken bowls and pestles, left by the Indians; they probably camped there for hundreds of years.

At last we come upon Seal Harbor. Before we see the fascinating place we hear the barking of seals; especially during the mating season they make lots of noise. As you come upon the harbor you are up several hundred feet from the water, but by carefully picking your way down the steep, cactus-infested, rocky ledge you can reach the seals. They all make for the water, leaving the pups to the intruder; but they do not go far, swimming out 100 feet and then barking. The young have no fear of man; you can pick them up and pet them, just as you would a dog. Each cow has only one pup a year, and the seal is the only animal we have ever seen that will run off and leave its offspring in the face of danger. Seal Harbor, one of the biggest seal rookeries on the coast, is an ideal place, for it is protected from man and well protected from the sea. In many

places it is impossible to reach the beaches where the seals lie and bask in the sunshine. The last few years the sea elephant and the sea otter have been seen in this harbor.

Leaving Seal Harbor, traveling east the trail is very rough and hazardous, but the horses are as sure-footed as mules and they will surprise you with their climbing ability. On crossing Rock Canyon it is necessary to dismount, catch your horse by the tail, start him up the steep slope, and you both go "a-flying" to the top. At Southside Well we find a dilapidated old shack and windmill, a 25-foot well full of water, but everything looks badly in need of repairs. The beach, with all its jagged rock and the pounding surf, is beautiful. After leaving Southside Well, we come out on a low plateau, where many wild goats and sheep feed. Here we often have killed the best-tasting lamb we've ever eaten. Farther down the island we come upon Cave Canyon, one of the most fascinating canyons I have ever explored; there are many caves and crevasses and many trees. Farther on is China Point. Between China Point and Smuggler's Cove is one of the largest Indian caves on the island. Scientists from Los Angeles excavated here in 1938 and uncovered many valuable relics. Smuggler's Cove is where many pirate ships anchored so that the pirates could come ashore and bury their plunder and hide their human cargo of Chinese until the time was ripe to take them to the mainland. Along the beach of Smuggler's Cove we uncovered a China bowl, which no doubt was left behind by one of the Chinese. In the days of bootlegging this cove was used to hide many large shipments of alcohol, waiting for smaller boats from the mainland to come out and take it to the coast. One large shipment was left on the beach by the bootleggers in their great hurry to get away.

At the far end of the island is located Pyramid Cove and Pyramid Head. Pyra-

mid Cove has a very nice beach and up from this beach is a ranch house. Mr. Chennetti lived here for many years while working for George Holland. On the east side of the island the only point of interest is Mosquito Harbor. Here is the most picturesque spot on the island; the little harbor is snuggled at the foot of towering cliffs that rise 1,800 feet. There are a small ranch house and several other smaller buildings located here. Two of the largest fig trees we have ever seen are found here, and often we have gathered several boxes of delicious figs during the season. There is a nice spring beneath the trees and a big canyon that empties into the harbor. There is a mine shaft dug back about 200 yards into the solid rock, where someone tried to find silver, but was unsuccessful. There are two shafts at Ben Weston Cove, also sunk in search of silver, but nothing was ever found.

No botanist has gone over the island lately, but in 1909 Mrs. Blanche Trask of Avalon gave an interesting account of the plants on San Clemente Island. She found a new rattleweed (*astragalus robeartsii*, Eastwood), which she named after Johnny Robearts, who lived on the island for twenty years before this time. At Chalk Cliff Canyon she found a tree daisy (the *encelia californica*). Out on the point she found *euphorbia misera*, but the rare find was the *lycium richii*. For many years one of these plants, a veritable giant, grew in the Avalon Arroya, and was known as the "banyan"; by any other name it was just as rare and interesting. Thousands of people visited it, and it was the only one of its kind in the United States. It was a shrine for botanists—an extraordinary tree, or bush, related to the currant family. This plant was found at Northwest Harbor.

At first glimpse of San Clemente Island from the sea, it appears absolutely barren, and an island whose plant life must have a fierce time to exist, but botanists in the

past century have found many kinds of plant life which will surprise the visitor.

The Marine Gardens at Mosquito Harbor are very beautiful. Looking down into the blue waters you see a magic fairyland. The brownish-green seaweeds come towering to the surface and blending in with them are many types of reddish-purple ferns that sway lazily with the motion of the sea. In those undersea forests are the homes of the longusta, sea sponge, and abalone, and many types of colored fish go darting in and out between the columns of towering plants, adding to the beauty of this enchanted forest. Almost any tropical plant will grow on San Clemente Island, if it is watered, for frost is not known here, on account of the ocean that keeps it warm. We have planted banana trees and they are doing nicely. At Northwest Harbor avocado trees could be planted without irrigation.

San Clemente Island does not offer a very attractive place for birds although there are many kinds. The raven is the most numerous. They come and go according to the mating season; there are many that nest here too, on the high rocky precipices. The raven resembles the crow, only it is about twice as large. It is a scavenger and becomes very bold, sometimes stealing the bait off your fish line, while you are fishing off the dock. They are handsome birds and do all sorts of acrobatic stunts in the air. The meadow larks are very plentiful; it is an ideal place for them to nest and their beautiful songs are always welcomed. The bald eagle, which thrives on the island, lives on dead fish and small birds. The California quail is very plentiful this year. It was planted here by Gallagher, one of the early white settlers; his old rock house, built July 4, 1868, still stands. This year we obtained 38 pheasant eggs and hatched them out under a hen; we have 8 nearly grown and we hope some day that they will be as plentiful as the quail. It is an

ideal place for any prairie bird. The only enemies of the birds are the fox, cat, and the bald eagle. We had 18 small chickens caught by a fox one night, but we have learned to fence them in properly since that misfortune. The mourning dove is often seen at the southern end of the island. The kingfisher, whitethroat swift, magpie, hummingbird, house finch, flycatcher, mockingbird, English sparrow, and rock wren all have been seen on San Clemente. During migration of the birds north or south, many stop off here to rest. We have shot ducks on the small dams and have caught pigeons that have flown over from the mainland, becoming lost at sea. Many of the rocks are white with guano of the cormorants, Farralone, and Brandt's. The gulls are extremely valuable; they are the scavengers of the sea, eating everything and always on the alert. Out in the channel you see the Xanthus's murrelet, pigeon guillemot, the tufted puffin, and the Cassin's auklet. The black-footed albatross is often seen around San Clemente. The pelican is also a common sight, but it is doubtful if they nest here. It is an interesting sight to see the pelican power-dive on his prey, and before striking the water turn over half way, his bill and back striking the water first; he never misses his fish. The loon is a great undersea fisher. He dives under and you can see him going along about 20 feet under the water and ahead of him will be a school of small fish. We have often seen him catch his prey, but he works hard for his living. After he becomes exhausted from diving all day, he flies to his rocky perch and sits there by the hour with his wings outstretched drying his feathers in the breeze. After his wings become dry this bird is unable to fly until he flops into the water and gets his wings wet. This is the reason why the loon flies so close to the water on his way to his roost. The tips of his wings barely touch the water and in this way they are kept wet and flying is much easier for him.

Many other birds migrate to the island on their way north or south. Some are blown out here by the storms, but the most are the permanent birds, such as the eagle, wren, meadow lark, mourning dove, quail, sparrow hawk. We caught a sick, wild, white swan at Wilson Cove in the winter of 1940, but it died the next day without our finding out what caused its death. The next day some of the men saw its mate close to Wilson Cove.

The wild goats and sheep are well adapted to San Clemente Island, which would appear to be a desert at times, but 10 to 15 inches of rain in the winter convert the island into a rich pasture and the canyons bloom with many kinds of flowers; the poppy, the Indian paintbrush and the yellow violet cover the ground in places. The wild oats grow very high and tint the hills a vivid green. The goats and sheep in the summer feed on the dry hay or succulent leaves of the ironwood. If worse comes to worst they can obtain food and water from the cactus. The wild goats and sheep are free from any terrors except man.

The long-finned tuna is found in the deep blue waters about 3 miles offshore. To catch this game fish a good stout line and reel with a steel leader and a sardine for bait must be used, and on your lucky day you will feel your pole give with a jerk that nearly pulls it out of your hand. The reel will sing as if in high "C," the line whistling through the water. It takes from 30 to 45 minutes to land this fighter, for he goes straight to the bottom and fights all the way back to the boat. When you land him, he is a bundle of muscles and nerves and one of the best-eating fish in the sea. Many are caught off the shores of San Clemente. You see them in big schools chasing sardines. Porpoises are often found in the channel and you can see them racing alongside the ship, jumping in and out of the water and scraping their backs across the bow as they dart back and forth under the ship. The porpoise

is called man's friend of the sea, for when he is around no sharks dare appear, as he is their greatest enemy. The porpoise is the fastest swimming fish in any waters. The aviators have clocked him racing through the water at 60 miles per hour. We have seen the loggerhead turtle, weighing 200 pounds, close to the island; they are common off the coast of Baja California where they nest and live. Other big game fish caught off the island are the swordfish, tarpon, black sea bass, and sharks; the greatest game fish are the oceanic bonito, sheepshead, yellowtail, skipjack, and tunas. The small game fish that are so plentiful here are often lost sight of, for this island is essentially associated with big-game fishing, but the little blue-eyed perch will give you as much fight as any trout, though he seldom weighs over two pounds. Barracuda is a good fighting and edible fish and is caught with either live bait or a bone jig. The rock bass, Spanish mackerel, smelt, anchovy, sardine, golden perch, eel, flying fish, and halibut are all caught in these waters. The best sea delicacy caught is the San Clemente longusta, or lobster. The pink abalone, when properly prepared, is also delicious.

The island is remarkable in that it is free from all insects such as flies, ants, and mosquitoes. There is a species of wild bee known as "*holicitus calaliensis*," but last year we introduced two swarms of Italian bees to the island; they seem to be doing remarkably well.

On San Clemente Island there is the sea lion and the seal. In the past years the sea elephant has been found. Wild dogs were found on San Clemente as late as 1850. The most conspicuous animal besides the wild goat and sheep is the fox; they, no doubt, were brought over from the mainland but it is not a positive fact, for they are somewhat different from the mainland fox, being much smaller in size and darker in color. They are very destructive to the quail and other birds. The white-footed

next; the Hubbles are next, all with five-year leases. Then the younger Vail brothers were on the island for 5 or 6 years. It was then taken over by Mr. Blair, who had leased it for 25 years at \$1,500 per year with \$1,000 worth of improvements per year. After the lease ran out, the Navy took over the island.

No matter where or what island you visit, it always has some legend about hidden treasure, and San Clemente has two stories of hidden money. The first was about an old Indian who had captured a lot of gold, silver, money, knives, guns, and many other kinds of loot from a Spanish ship that visited the island in the early days. This old Indian hid a great deal of this treasure in a cave about Cave Canyon, and here it still stays, because of his anger at his two sons who grew up and went to school on the mainland, and when they came back were dressed in white man's clothing and had adopted the white man's customs. This made the old Indian so displeased with his sons that he disowned them and never revealed to anyone where his loot was hidden. After the old Indian died at Santa Barbara Mission, where most of the Indians were taken from the island by the Padres, two maps giving directions and location of the money were found in his possession. Several searching parties have combed Cave Canyon and the vicinity of Mosquito Harbor, but nothing has ever been found. Several articles of the Spaniards have been found in their graves, such as copper plate, pottery, copper buttons, knives, swords, shields, scissors, thimbles and spoons, all made of copper, which, no doubt, was a part of some loot the Indians had taken from the Spaniard.

The other hidden treasure on San Clemente Island was left by Chennetti, who worked for Mr. Holland in the early eighties. Mr. Chennetti received \$40 per month in gold and buried his wages somewhere in the vicinity of Pyramid Cove; he worked for Mr. Holland for many years and never went to town. He could neither read nor write and had no relatives. Mr. Chennetti was found dead at Red Canyon by Mr. Holland and he took his secret hiding place where he had buried his savings with him. Treasure hunters have often dug about Pyramid Cove for his small fortune, but to date the gold is still there.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo Murphy, who are still here, came with Mr. Blair, and Mr. Murphy rode the range here for many years before the Navy took possession of the island. The Murphys are the only link left between the old settlers and the Navy. To Mr. and Mrs. Murphy I acknowledge the help given me in preparing this article. Also Mrs. Pauline Blair, of Delano, California, and Mr. George Willetts, Curator of Birds and Mammals, of the Los Angeles County Museum of History.

A grade school was established on San Clemente Island in October, 1940, and there are seven pupils. The teacher is furnished by the Los Angeles City Schools.

While standing on Mount Thirst, the highest point on the island, one can survey it from end to end and it is hard to imagine how the Indian came out here and chiseled out an existence for himself while the white man has to rely on help from the mainland to subsist. One wonders which race was really civilized.

